

Water's
the Bodies and blood of our most Dear and Beloved
let us look back and behold the Multitude of our Brethren
as of this Kingdom: their Daring and valiant
and stone, Rancorous, Trenchant, piercing Minstrel
Patriot for the Debt, allowing common Heir, and
we rather think them than Cowards, and Devils than Men.
And now again, Reverend and Honourable Sir, We are going to
Engage the Enemy once more, but Hearts bleed within us to think
of the too Great Danger You expose your self to, and if you should
be Cut off (which we pray God to prevent) we are all lost, and our
LIVE and be preserved as the great of our Nation is to see You
conduct, Perry and Learning.
To conclude, We humbly beg your Pardon for troubling you so much
upon our Grounds, and Patience, and of God's Blessing, and
which God Grant, for his Son Christ Jesus sake, Amen.

THE
TO
Mr. Walker's Speech,
LONDON-DERRY,
Before the last

London: Printed for W. in London, 1688.
Most Noble and Victorious Governor,

I Prostrate my self at your Feet, in behalf of my self, and the rest of my
Fellow-Souldiers, who are all willing to venture our Lives, and all
that is dear to us, in Defence of the Protestant Religion, King
William and Queen Mary, this Place, and your Self; whose most
Noble Courage, Wise Conduct, Great Success, Divine Orations,
Courteous and Obliging Kindness, hath Infus'd into each of us the
Hearts of Ten. And You, most Valiant Sir, have exceeded all the
great Heroes of our Times: Nay, we cannot compare you to none
but a second *Sampson*, a *Goliath*, a *Hannibal*, a *Scipio*, or rather a
Tambrlain, who with but a poor handful of Men, did vanquish and
overcome Armies that were innumerable. So when we consider of the
small quantity of Men we are to our Enemies, we cannot but be astonish'd
and amaz'd at the over-ruling Providence of the Almighty, who hath led
us out to Battel, and given us such unheard of Victories over our Idola-
trous Enemies. And now, most Dear Sir, We are again to Encounter our
Inhumane Foes: Heaven and you, have whet and sharpened the Teeth
of our Hearts and Souls against them; and if every Man had Ten Thou-
sand Lives, we should not grudge, but willingly Sacrifice them all for
our Religion, You, and this Place. O with what amazing wonder do
we think of their Barbarity! Here is scarce a Tree, Field, or House,
but are Witnesses of their Cruelty! They have Painted our Houses,
A Water's

Water'd our Gardens, Dung'd our Field, and Colored our Rivers with the Bodies and Blood of our most Dear and Christian Parents. And let us look back and behold the Massacres of *Paris* and *Piedmont*, as well as of this Kingdom; their Damnable Inquisition, Worshipping of Stocks, and Stones, Ridiculous Pagentry, Invoking Saints, pretended Miracles, Praying for the Dead, allowing common Harlots, Pardons, and many other Popish and Idolatrous Practices, not becoming Men professing Christianity. What we think of these their Principles and Practices, we rather think them *Turks* than *Christians*, and *Devils* than *Men*.

And now again, Reverend and Renowned Sir, We are going to Engage the Enemy once more. Our Hearts Bleed within us to think of the Too Great Danger You Expose your Self to, and if you should be Cut off (which we pray God to prevent) we are all lost, and our Hearts will burst our Bodies, and our very Souls will follow with *Heavens*. Beating, Sir, Your very Name, I send to them, and an Encouragement to us; and your looks, like *Ones*, overcome where ever you approach; Your preservation, is ours; Your destruction, is ours. The greatest of our Ambition is, to see You Live and be preserved as the greatest Miracle of our Age, for Valour, Conduct, Piety and Learning.

To conclude, We Humbly beg your Pardon, for presuming so much upon your Goodness and Parience; and beg of God to bless, keep, and preserve you in the Day of Battle, and give us Victory over our Enemies. Which God Grant for his Son Christ Jesus sake, Amen.

London, Printed for J. W. in Ludgate-street. 1689.

I Protest my self at your Feet, in behalf of my self, and the rest of my fellow countrymen, who are all willing to venture our Lives, and all that is dear to us, in Defence of the Protestant Religion, King William and Queen Mary, this Place, and your self; whose most Noble Courage, Wise Conduct, Great Success, Divine Operations, Courteous and Obliging Humane, hath inspired into each of us the Hearts of Ten, And I am most Valiant Sir, have exceeded all the great Heroes of our Times: I say, we cannot compare you to none but a second *Samuel*, a second *David*, a second *Joshua*, or rather a *Tamworth*, who with his handful of Men, did vanquish and overcome Armies that were invincible. So when we consider of the small quantity of Men we are to our Enemies, we cannot but be astonished and amazed at the overruling Providence of the Almighty, who send us to Battle, and gives us such numbers of Victories over our Enemies. And now, most Dear Sir, I would have you to consider our Injuries: For I have said you have, when and wherever the English of our Hearts and souls against them; and if every Man had his own part, we should not be so much, but willingly sacrifice them all for our Religion, You, and the Place. O how what amazing victory do we think of their Barbarity! Here is scarce a Tree field of Blood, but the Wonders of their Cruelty! They have Rained our Houses